

A

SUMMONS

FROM A

True-Protestant CONJURER,

TO

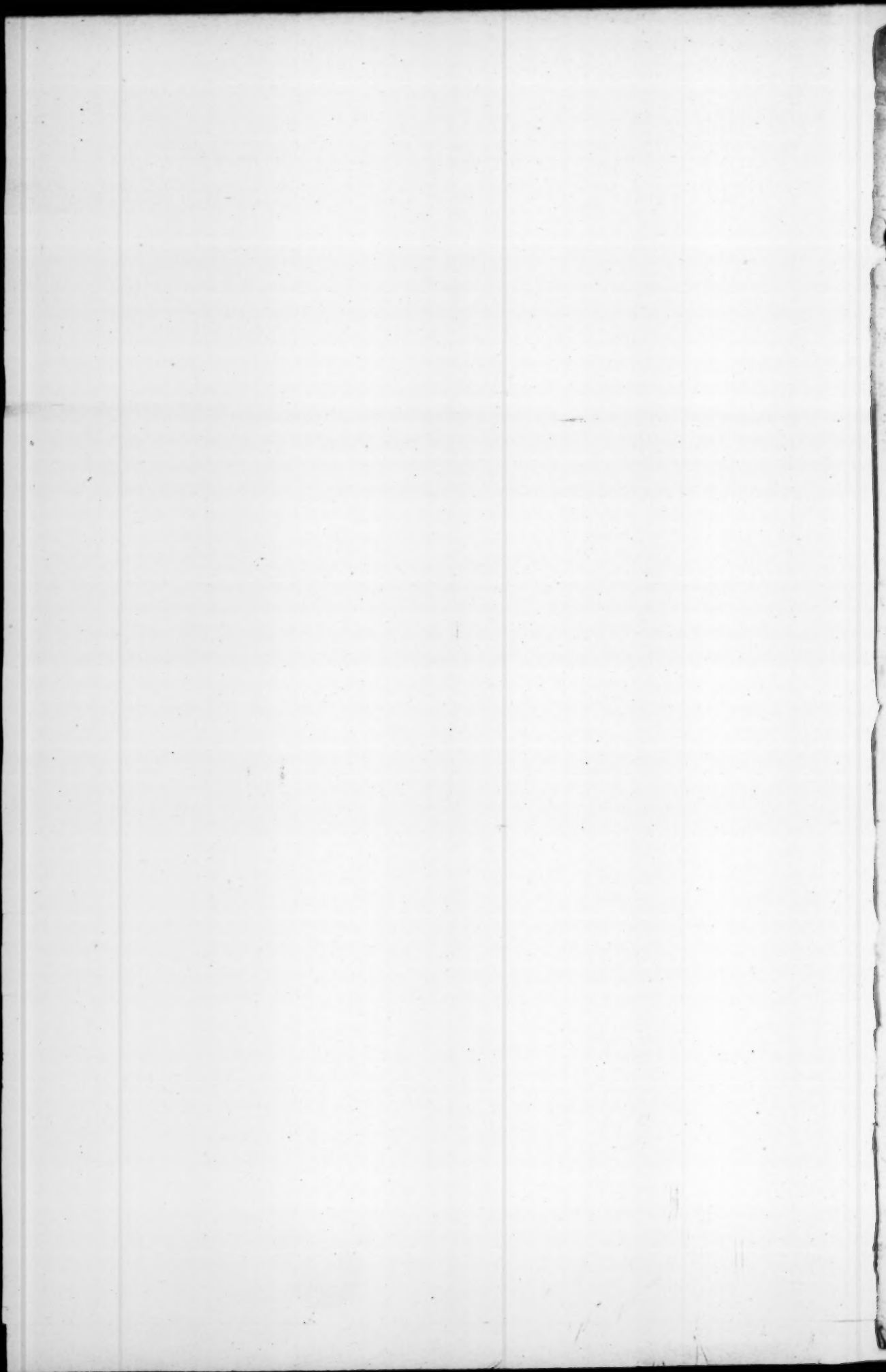
Cethegus's Ghost,

To appear *Septemb. 19.* 1682.

Rise from the Dead *Cethegus* at our Call,
Lend a kind Vote at our Next *COMMON-HALL*.
Thy Voice of old in *Rome* was deem'd Divine,
Surpassing, our *Grand Patron's*, *Cataline*.
" *The Ill's we have Committed safe can't be*
" *Without attempting Worse for LIBERTY.*
Shall we, like Vassals, Fetter'd be by Law :
We, who of *nought* that's *Moral*, stand in Aw ?
Shall we (*True Israel*) by *Saul's* humbled be ?
We, who can scarcely own *Theocracy*.
Brutus was Brave, and his Impulse Divine,
When first from *Rome* he chac'd the *Royal Line*,
And *something lik't WE* did, ere *FORTY NINE*. }
But those *BLEST-REFORMATION-DAYS* soon past,
And *C---s RETURN* our blooming *Hopes* did blast.
On *Bishops Lands* we *SAINTS* did *Freely* feed,
Till *Batt*, the Vile Apostle made us bleed.
Shepherds and Sheep cashier'd ; Th' admitted Goats
Who led our Flocks astray : till up rose *O---*

A

O---Grand



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O—Grand Retriever of our REFORMATION,
SAVIOUR o'th' TRUE-PROTESTING Part o'th' Nation!
 He taught us by his *Blest DISCOVERY,*
 To form a *Method for New Liberty;*
 And to secure a *stronger COMBINATION,*
 We mildly stild it an *ASSOCIATION.*
 But this *Intrigue* was stifled in its Birth,
 And prov'd th' *Abortive* of our Teeming Mirth:
 This Point thus lost, no Favour can we hope,
 (For *Ignoramus*, Noos'd the *JOYNERS ROPE:*)
 And *Long'd-For-Commonwealth* is this Day lost,
 Unless Retriev'd by *Brutus*, or thy *Ghost.*
 Rise then *Cethegus*, Dear *Cethegus* Rise,
PYM, HAMBDEN, STROUD, All *Brutus* dear Allies;
 From Holy *MATCHIAVIL*, to more Holy *HOBBS*,
 (The Grand *DUUMVIRATE* for *Republick Jobbs*)
 Rise *MILTON*, who, to make the *Worst-Cause Good*,
 Did'st dare *Bespatter* a *Blest MARTYR's BLOOD:*
 Rise *PETERS, NOL, SCROOP, SCOTT*, Hell's Modern Furies,
 Meet *Sutan, Fire and Brimstone*, and *WHIGG-FURIES;*
 With *ZEAL* Hell-hot, outvie *VESUVIO's* Fires,
 Calcining what against our *CAUSE* conspires:
 Without these Aids (no Trust in *HOLDER-FORTH*)
 We're *Gone, Gone, Gone*, by *C--LAWS, D--N.*

FINIS.
